

**WEATHER**—Clear to-night; Wednesday unsettled.

# FINAL EDITION

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## While Ceremony Progresses in St. Bartholomew's Struggling Throgs Outside Make Scene Unprecedented at Great Society Function.

## WOMEN ARE TRAMPLED; GUARDS BEATEN BACK

opposite of the public. They have to face the public. What it wants, do they not? Yes, and that is just what our English journalism and our politicians are, coming to. I don't blame the press, men a bit.

I understand, of course, that Mr. Lloyd's prominence and Mrs. Lloyd's position as chairman and executive committee, and all that sort of thing, you know, and all the interest in this thing, that really they do go a bit far. Why, one could had the cheek to ask me how an old fellow like me could win such a pretty young girl.

Yes, I was so angry I don't remember what I said," and Mr. Lloydship threw out his chest and squared his shoulders as if he were going into battle.

### Killed Himself in Bathroom.

[illegible][illegible]

Vivien, the eighteen-year-old daughter of George Gould, head of one of the richest families of this continent, was married this afternoon at 4 o'clock to Baron Decies de England by Bishop Greer at St. Bartholomew's Church, Madison avenue and Forty-fourth street.

In the church was crowded together a brilliant assemblage of the best that New York has to show for itself in purely social pursuits. There was not a family famous by descent or fortune which was not there represented. The ceremony in its musical setting was lavishly and beautifully arranged.

All brides are beautiful. Miss Gould could not have been a more appealing or even so lovely creature than she was as she approached the altar and met the handsome, middle-aged soldier of Great Britain who was made her husband.

The wedding ceremonies and the greetings of the families and bridemaids and ushers were over at twenty-five minutes before seven, when Lord and Lady Decies appeared at the opening of the awning and got into the automobile which had brought the bride.

The crowd howled delightfully with excitement. The automobile went up Madison avenue to Forty-fifth street and through to Fifth avenue. This was the outer limit of the police line, and as the motorcade proceeded it was left to the automobile and its escort of mounted police go through there was a terrible roar from the crowd, which was good natured though hysterical.

Men and women, girls and boys set out on a wild race to follow the car as it sped away up town. It was a strange, shouting, laughing mob, like those that once used to line the street leading in behind the war-rearied forces.

The ceremony in the church was not marred by any outbreak of the crazy mob sensation hunting persons who have seen threatening to interrupt or prevent the wedding by a display of force as a demonstration of disrespect to the priest performing international friendships with a plaster of spade and blue blood.

**Hoodlums Outside**

But New York has never in all its history seen such daylight orgies of hoodlumism as started in the streets about the church hours before the arrival of the wedding party and grew in density and violence and vulgarity until it seemed that the entire population of hellish crowds waving two sticks in every direction.

Women's dresses were torn; their hats are tipped to pieces, false hair and ornaments of skulls and underwears were a tangled underfoot. The police had all they could do in keeping the crowd from overwhelming them and charging on the great tented awning which covered the whole front of the church and the sidewalk. They had no time to save the crazed sightseers from themselves.

Every window of the surrounding buildings, including the great Hotel Manhattan, was filled with spectators. Rooflines were outlined with rows of heads and feet peering down at the church and the writhing mob when the police were fighting back.

Early in the day it had been thought, estimating on their experience at the wedding of Miss Gould's sister, that City policemen would be enough to meet some serious interference with the orderly and dignified progress of the wedding guests at the church.

**Needed More Help.**

Up at 3 o'clock Capt. O'Connor saw that his need was more than anticipated. With nearly a hundred reserves, hurried to reinforce him, Later Inspector Walsh and another battalion of men went up to the church and Capt. Titus went up to the Gould home at No. 783 Fifth avenue, to prepare for rush of the rabble at the house after the ceremony.

Deputy Commissioner of Police Clement J. Driscoll apparently scented the battle from afar shortly before 3 o'clock and arrived at the church with a great squad just before the bridegroom. He was so active in organizing the police arrangements, which up to that time were looking fast, that there was danger for a moment that there would be a break at the blue-coat levee and the flood of the onlookers would sweep through. It held fast, however, and Mr. Driscoll took charge of the street right in front of the church, seeing many of the arriving guests in person and giving orders to the traffic police who, under Inspector O'Brien and Capt. Kane were overseeing the arrival and departure of carriages.

Lord Decies and his best man, Lord Alastair Graham, arrived at the church in an automobile at 3.25 o'clock. His lordship was dressed in the uniform of the Scots Guards, a glittering creation in blue and gold braid. He wore high patent leather boots, carried a sabre, and his plumed helmet was securely held in the crook of his arm. The best man also wore a uniform.

As Lord Decies and Lord Graham alighted from their car on the Forty-fourth street side of the church the distant crowd cheered. His lordship appeared to be quite astonished.

"I say, old chap," he asked, "what will you do when the bride gets here?"

After posing for his photograph with chest proudly inflated, His Lordship passed majestically within the church edifice.

**Mother of Bride Arrives.**

Mrs. George Gould arrived a moment or two after Lord Decies, the bride and groom. She wore a gown of great pat of lilac, and a lilac skirt richly embroidered, showed under a heavy cloak of otter. She carried a huge bouquet of orchids.

With the mother of the bride were Lady Decies, soon to be the Dowager Countess of Wicklow, the bride's mother, and Mrs. Wilkinson, the wife of a great pat of lilac, and a lilac skirt richly embroidered, showed under a heavy cloak of otter. She carried a huge bouquet of orchids.

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The bride was late in reaching the church. It was eleven minutes after when the crowd caught sight of the great mass of lilacs and her white veiled face as she emerged from the shelter of his limousine. There was a running cheer along the edges of the crowd with each broke into a terrific roar from the throats of the whole turbulent multitude.

The police lines broke and Miss Gould was only saved from the rash by a charge of mounted police, who dashed together a great dash into the screaming horde, knocking down women and men and dragging them back to their places again.

**A Society Show.**

At the church there was a society show of unprecedented splendor. The plain American, so long as his patience lasted and he could endure the transience of other plain American feet on